The
COMMONWEAL

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Yugoslavia

WE TAKE the Yugoslav resistance to the Axis for no more than what we can see it to be now—a hitch in the smooth and so pacific German plan for the occupation of the Balkans. We do not discount the future. In the artificial and, to many of its subjects, unsatisfactory creation of the last war, the Yugoslav State, certain leaders backed by a certain popular if sectional support, have interfered with the planned subjection of their country. We do not know if Yugoslavia with its minorities can find the strength or unity to become a second Greece. Under any democratic process unity will be hard to achieve. The pressure on Yugoslavia is the presence of the German army: the inspiration to resist is the presence, in Albania, of an Italian army. Possibly the Serbian element alone may form another island against which the wave of the future may break.

"Action and More Action"

YOUR favorite newspaper columnist—no matter who he may be—is now, with practically no exception, counting days until this country joins fully into the shooting war. There will be "action and more action," in the words of the President, and a reasonable man must expect, sooner or later, the fighting reaction of an Axis alliance which has not yet shown itself averse to fighting. The seizing of Axis ships and incarcerating of Axis crews was still the last big action when this went to press. The "all out aiders" and the interventionists have been pushing more and more boldly the proposal for American convoys. The rhythm of American participation indicates, however, that for the time there may be a slowing down. More internal consolidation is needed on the present front. Most importantly, there are these serious strikes. The army and navy can stand further development. Then, we believe that the administration politics are more complex and subtle than the extreme "all out aiders" or the extreme isolationists seem to reckon. Undoubtedly the President has every intention of maintaining his position as a powerful democratic leader, enforcing his position with a governmental majority, but allowing minorities the maximum liberty compatible with the pursuance of what is conceived as basic policy. Furthermore, actions indicate that basic policy is not simply England triumphant, as it seems to be with the more unreflective "aid Englanders." The US is acting not simply to prevent English power from slipping below the level required to stop Hitler. What power slips from England in the war is being corralled by the US: naval bases, enormous stock holdings, shipping schedules, competitive productive plant, leadership. The President does not want to go to war.

But what is the order of American desires? Would citizen prefer to convoy arms to England or to stay out of the war? Would Americans rather bring "total" victory to England or stay out of war? Would Americans rather approve all international relationships than refrain from war? Approve the internal régimes of foreign countries or fight them? What ought the order of our wishes be? These questions have not been answered, nor clearly posed, by the election, the Lend-Lease vote, by Dr. Gallup or by anything else. The momentum which carries us into the war assumes specific, war-like answers to these questions. Opposition to the evils of nazism does not by logic or fate drive America into war. During this pause between ship seizures and the next step (is it convoys?) Americans can still reflect that the best means for them to oppose nazism, everywhere, is not by surrendering to war. We can oppose the succeeding steps down this desperate line without weakening our opposition to the spiritual, political and economic evils of national socialism. Opposition to war may prove to be the first line of defense against those very evils. America ought to avoid the certain occasion of this war and clarify its wish before it accepts every act—for our acts are means which lead to, and influence roughly the character of, what ends?

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Spanish Biological Adaptation

WHATEVER food conditions may be in the conquered nations of Europe, on one thing everyone is agreed: Spain is starving. The latest report comes from John Cudahy, the quondam diplomat turned newspaperman. He says Dr. Alexis Carrel "told me his investigations show that a great number of people were getting only one-quarter of what medical men had always considered the minimum of nutrients necessary to sustain life. . . . he has never witnessed such an impressive manifestation of the adaptation theory in biology . . ." Under such conditions it is unlikely that foodstuffs sent to Spain would go to Germany. If American charity is seeking a European outlet, wants something more than words, here surely is its opportunity. We were all excited about a Spanish war a ways back; we seem to have lost interest in the peace that followed.

A Suppressed Pastoral Is Published

THE HEAVY HAND of totalitarian pressure has often been felt on Christian liberty. Yet it is significant and heartening that the spokesmen of Christian liberty so often return to the attack. There are German priests in exile and in concentration camps; over the clergy still free there is a perpetual threat, often enforced by closed churches, forbidden sermons, suppressed pastorals. In Italy the fascist government has even on occasion moved against the newspaper of Vatican City itself. These things furnish a measure of the calm intrepidity wherewith the Archbishop of Freiburg issued his recent Lenten pastoral criticizing the nazi anti-religious policies and counseling opposition to them; and of the equal courage of *Osservatore Romano* in printing a detailed summary of the document, which nazi authorities had promptly suppressed. Though it is in his own words "debatable" whether Catholics are as free as others to express their convictions "without danger in public and outside the church," Archbishop Grober proceeds to analyze, in terms all the more telling for being temperate, charitable and patriotic, the dechristianizing of present Germany, "the isolation and exclusion of confirmed Catholics." "The assertion that Christianity is the enemy of the German people has not remained a mere theoretical affirmation. . . . It is almost certain that the future of our people is being built on an anti-Christian foundation." Against this there is a manifest duty. *"Resignation without defense is proper only when it is a question of wrongs done to one's own person, not when the honor of God, the health of the soul and the Christian future of the people are at stake. . . .* It would be a downright sin if we should leave to the enemies of Christianity free access to the souls of children, so tenderly loved by the Redeemer and protected by Him with the bulwark of very stern threats." When the full history of present Germany comes to be written, and the much that is now dark comes into the light, it will be clear how many millions of obscure consciences were fed and fortified and kept human by such Catholic leadership.

Monopoly and Democracy

EVENTS abroad are distracting us from much that is important at home. But before the results of three years' study, the calling of 552 witnesses, the expenditure of $1,062,000 and the amassing of 20,000 pages of testimony passes on to oblivion, it is worth focussing attention on a few points in the TNEC report to Congress. As cited in the press, the findings were not in statistical form, but rather were general conclusions, viz: "We know that most of the wealth and income of the country is owned by a few large corporations, that these corporations in turn are owned by an infinitesimally small number of people and that the profits from the operation of these corporations go to a very small group . . ." Or that political freedom being dependent upon economic freedom, the American system will fail unless it provides a job for every able-bodied worker. Or that concentration of power in government and business "is undermining the foundations of both free enterprise and free government." The dangers of concentration and monopoly and the importance of decentralization cannot be gainsaid. What is questionable is the contention in the report that government encouragement of private enterprise provides the solution for the problems raised by the depression. In fact "The basic philosophy of our American economy—a competitive system of private capitalism"—does *not* guarantee the development of a sound democratic society. That under capitalism nothing succeeds like monopoly was currently indicated when the Aluminum Company of America reported earnings of $25 per share on 1,472,625 shares of common stock after preferred dividends, depreciation, and all taxes were paid.

Has the Italian Character Changed?

By LUIGI STURZO

ONE NIGHT in London, about eight years ago, I had an unexpected and most welcome visit of a young man who had been a member of the Italian Popular Party. I was surprised at his appearance; he was dressed in evening clothes, as though he were going to some society ball. But the explanation was not long in coming; he was

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on a research tour with several other Italians, some of whom were fascists and very probably spies. If they knew that he had come to see me, they would have denounced him to the fascist bosses. To preclude suspicion he feigned a rendezvous, a thing which aroused envy among his companions.

As a trick, it was ingenious; but I felt uneasy, because of the feint. "How," I asked him, "do you keep your anti-fascism hidden?"

He answered, almost in tears, that among his relatives there were many fascists who spied on his every step, tormented him even with threats. He must bitterly swallow all this from them, always feigning to avoid the worst.

To feign! it is a general fashion among so many Italians under a régime of repression and espionage!

A cultured and well known French abbé once described a scene which had deeply impressed him. He was the guest of an Italian Catholic family of the nobility to which he was bound by a long friendship. Sitting and talking on the balcony of this villa, he asked some members of that family what they thought of fascism. At that the elderly lady—let us call her marquise or countess—arose, looked beneath the railed balcony, looked behind the door of the room, and then whispered that they all hated fascism and that for them, nourished on the ideas of the liberal tradition, it was intolerable. "But I beg of you, please do not repeat it; we must feign, we must appear to favor fascism and even applaud the Duce. Housemaids and servants spy upon us; not even with relatives can we speak freely." With this a long list of facts, among which a very sad one: about a little boy who said at school that his father was not pleased with the government. After two days that poor father was led to prison.

How many times was it noted in England or in France that Italians who had gone there for business usually spoke in subdued voices and watched the door constantly to see if anyone entered while they expressed their views on fascism. Smilingly I often said to them, "Do not be afraid; this is a free country." "There are spies even in France and in England," was their answer.

One day in 1936, when I was in France, an organizer of an Italian workers' union and an active member of Catholic Action came to see me. . . . "You here?" . . . He was reduced to an absolutely pitiful condition. He blurted out his story: he sold the small estate he had inherited to purchase a round trip ticket for a pilgrimage to Lourdes which set out from a city in Italy; he arrived with the group at Lourdes. After a short stay he unobtrusively stole away and with the remaining money bought a ticket for Paris. Thus by feigning a pilgrimage and becoming poor he could achieve the liberty denied him in his country. But that was one of the last Italian pilgrimages to France. The fascist government compelled the leaders of the pilgrimages to account for everyone's return—how do it? It was then that somebody thought of directing the pilgrimages of the sick to Loreto, a sanctuary already famous throughout the world.

In conclusion I relate another anecdote: a noted Italian ecclesiastic who had gained a reputation as an authoritative pro-fascist while talking to a French friend of mine about three years ago bitterly criticized fascism. Astonished, my friend told him that he was considered an ardent pro-fascist throughout Europe. "It's one thing to appear and another to be," was the quick rejoinder.

One of the worst consequences of tyrannical régimes, based on police and spies having unlimited power, is that of compelling dissimulation if one does not care to suffer exile, concentration camps, banishment, imprisonment and perhaps death. But this is now a common story wherever totalitarianism prevails in Europe.

* * *

Many mistakenly believe that the majority of Italians have become fascists through conviction; these people have yet to learn that the Italian changes in attitudes, not in character. Fascism is not in the Italian's make up; nor is it congenial to his nature.

Professor H. Kantorovicz, who taught for several years in Florence, used to say that he had never met a single fascist among his students or among the other students with whom he had come in contact during his stay in Italy.

"Speak with one person and you find him anti-fascist; speak with two and they are indifferent; speak with three and they are all fascists"—so ran an epigram current in Italy several years ago.

An important Frenchman, member of an administrative council of an Italian industrial society, related this biting anecdote. He arrived at the assembly hall for an important reunion and while waiting he exchanged greetings and words with his Italian colleagues. Walking over to a group he heard the president of the society acutely criticizing the monetary regulations of the régime. Soon thereafter the meeting was called to order; and the same president immediately proposed a telegram congratulating and complimenting the Duce—for his solution of the monetary problem.

By that I do not mean to say that all Italians are fascists of the stamp of that president. Together with sincere and fanatical fascists there are also the "phonies," those who profess fascism for personal gain and who, were fascism to fall, would be the first to utter the cry that they were never really fascists.

On the other hand there have been and are in Italy many anti-fascists courageous enough to face

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the worst for their ideals. The 107 deputies of the Popular Party, except for the disloyalty of a small group of sixteen in 1922 and 1924, have remained faithful, with dignity, without ostentation and without wavering, to Christian democratic ideals. The editor of the daily paper *Il Popolo,* G. Donati, who denounced General De Bono to the Senate for having protected the assassins of Matteotti; the editor of *Res Publica,* F. L. Ferrari. Both died very young, exiled in Paris; nor must we forget that priest-martyr, Don Minzoni of Argenta, murdered by fascists.

Two significant facts among others have shown me, during my exile in London, how the tradition of the Popular Party was living and persistent under fascism.

A priest of Italian origin took a trip about six years ago from London to Lourdes, where he had occasion to meet some Italian pilgrims. In speaking to them he mentioned that he was acquainted with me, in fact that he was my friend. Whereupon all those pilgrims, thronging around him, pleaded for news and begged to be remembered, saying that their heart was with me, that they were still "popolari" (though the mere saying so might bring dire consequences); and that in their region there were many "popolari." The feelings and even the tears of many of them, among whom was a Capuchin friar serving as guide, were noted by the Anglo-Italian priest; he knew little of the Popular Party and was dumbfounded by what he saw and heard.

The following is the second fact: a priest, poet and orator, now dead, whom I had met forty years ago during the period of the Christian democracy of Leo XIII, and with whom I had lost contact, knowing I was ill, wrote me during one of his trips to Sicily about seven years ago, saying that he was a personal friend of the Duce. He suggested that I beg the Duce's forgiveness and thus be able to reenter Italy and pass the last years of my life peacefully. I replied with a short note, saying that I preferred to die exiled in a land of liberty than to live in a land of servitude. But the surprise came when a friend sent me what purported to be a copy of a letter written a century ago. As I read it, it seemed to me to be similar to the letter I had written my old priest-acquaintance, that in fact it was my very letter. What followed gave me the key to the mystery. Another Italian friend visited me in London. After the first greetings, he recited the contents of this same letter. He related that while riding on the train he had met an Italian whom he did not know and to whom after a preliminary exchange of words he repeated the first line of the letter; his new friend continued with the rest; thus they recognized each other as anti-fascists. The letter to that priest, friend of Mussolini, was copied and sent secretly to many friends in Italy, who in turn made copies and sent it to their friends. Thanks to its brevity it was easy to remember. It had become a sign whereby "popolari" anti-fascists recognized each other.

Some people would criticize anti-fascist Catholics, saying that fascism favored the Church and that present-day Italians are more religious than were those before fascism. That may be true. I hope so. But that they are so because of the influence of fascism I refuse to believe at all, since fascism, a pagan conception of political and social life, could hardly promote the religious spirit of a people. It is true that the old anti-clericalism, or better "anti-temporalism," of Italian politics no longer exists; it had in a large measure disappeared when the Popular Party was founded and even before that, because of the sympathetic attitude of Pius X and Benedict XV toward Italy.

This does not mean that anti-clericalism in Italy has become a thing of the past. Who does not remember the continued fascist threats against Catholic Action which culminated in the assault, the destruction and closing of Catholic centers in March-September, 1931? It was at that time that Pius XI published "Non Abbiamo Bisogno," against fascist persecution and the anti-Christian and pagan theories of fascism. To be frank, a certain anti-clericalism has always existed in Italy, like an endemic disease, which from time to time spreads out like flu. But it is difficult to judge which is worse: the former, open anti-clericalism of the street, or the present subtle anti-clericalism that infiltrates and corrodes the Italian soul.

Father Oddene, a Jesuit professor at the Catholic University of Milan, recently wrote in the Italian Jesuit review, *La Civiltà Cattolica,* a very significant article entitled "Respect for Truth" in which he states: "If it furthers one's interests to show oneself an unbeliever, there are those who feign to be against Christian doctrines and practices, and take boastful attitudes, applaud provisions that clash with the moral order. If, instead, it is convenient and useful to appear religious, then certain persons, not always pious, do not hesitate to appear as champions of religious orthodoxy and faith, and zealous reformers of the abuses of the Church." . . . A little further on: "Against this spirit of hypocrisy and shamming, which attempts to introduce, one might say, a new type of morality and threatens to obscure and weaken, even among the Catholics, the sacred respect for truth and the cult of truth, all men of good will and especially the followers of the Gospels must vigorously react and condemn with absolute intransigence every lie in the name of the natural and Christian law, scrupulously respecting truth in all individual and social manifestations of life."

I could not end with a more appropriate utterance.

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Negro Seminary

The Techny Fathers persevere at their task of preparing colored priests.

By **Harry Sylvester**

THE ONLY Catholic Negro seminary in North America is located at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, one of the small towns strung along US 90 between New Orleans and Mobile. The name of the seminary is St. Augustine's, and it is under the supervision of its founders, the priests of the Society of the Divine Word, sometimes called the Techny Fathers, because their mother house in this country is at Techny, Illinois.

The society was founded by a German, Father Arnold Jansen, in 1875. He lived in the Germany of Bismarck, however, and he thought it best to have the mother house in Steyl, Holland, where it is (or was) until recently. Members of the order came to the United States in 1900, and in 1905 they were asked by Archbishop Quigley of Chicago to do missionary work among the Negroes of the southern United States.

One of the priests assigned to this work was a man named Joseph Wendel. He became the pastor of St. Joseph's Mission in Meridian, Mississippi. When he tried to get Negroes who desired to study for the priesthood into already established seminaries, he met with either indifference or outright opposition. The opposition and the indifference made him decide that if there were to be Negro priests in this country, his own society must do whatever was necessary to bring it about.

Father Wendel died in Meridian in 1920, but before his death he had got permission to found his seminary from the then superior-general of the society, Father William Gier. With this permission from the superior-general came also the approbation of Benedict XV; but before any further step toward founding the seminary had been taken, Father Wendel died.

His friend and intimate at the Sacred Heart Mission in Greenville, not far from Meridian, was Father Matthew Christman, and it was Father Christman who completed the work Father Wendel had begun. In that same year, 1920, the first Negro seminary on this continent opened at Greenville, under the name of Sacred Heart College.

The first person to give money for the enterprise was Mother Katharine Drexel. Among the first contributors were Monsignor John Burke, director of the Board for Mission Work among the Colored, and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. The seminary was then and still is supported by the priests who founded it, with the aid of donations from people all over the country, both clergy and laity.

The two-story frame building in Greenville drew seminarians from the eastern half of the United States as well as from Louisiana, Iowa, Missouri and Texas. Generally these were recommended and sent by their pastors. There were 9 students the first year and about 15 the second.

During the second year of the seminary's existence, the KKK was at the height of its last revival, and the local branch or asylum of the hooded wonders appeared at the seminary one night and demanded to be shown through the place. Father Christman let them in. Violence was threatened, but none actually took place, although the next day the papers of that section of Mississippi came out with an alleged story on the seminary, making the most of the fact that White nuns were doing the laundry and cooking for the colored students.

These nuns, the Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost, were teaching in Greenville in what was the first Catholic high school in Mississippi. They had not been brought there specifically to help with the work of the seminary. It was simply that when the seminary was opened they agreed to take over the work of laundry and kitchen.

Threats of violence increased, but Father Christman had decided not to retreat, come what might. His superiors, however, thought it best that he move the seminary. They had complete confidence in him, apparently, and he was not ordered to do so. It was simply suggested that it be done; and after a while he, too, reluctantly decided it would be best to go.

The decision was to move to the Gulf Coast, the only part of the deep South which is preponderantly Catholic. The towns between New Orleans and Mobile are from 50 to 90 percent Catholic, and Bay St. Louis is one of the most Catholic of all. Its pastor, Father Andrew Gmelch, told Father Christman that the Negro seminary would be welcomed. In addition, the town was only fifty-odd miles from New Orleans and near Louisiana, which has the largest Negro Catholic population of any state in the Union. The diocese of Lafayette alone has 60,000 Negro Catholics at the present time, a full fifth of the

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entire Negro Catholic population of the country.

A property of some thirty acres, fronting on US 90, one of the main East-West highways in the United States, was bought. There were on it only two small bungalows, still used by the seminary. In general, the new seminary was well received by the White population of Bay St. Louis, and the first new buildings were erected.

That was 1923. The first class did not complete its studies until 1934. Of the four Negro priests then ordained by Bishop Richard O. Gerow of Natchez, three had been in the original class at Greenville. One more priest was ordained in the fall of 1934; instead of joining the Society of the Divine Word as had the others, he went to Belize in Central America to work in the diocese of Bishop Murphy.

In 1935 and 1936 there was no class. In 1937, two more priests were ordained. In 1938 there was no class. In 1939 six priests were ordained, the largest class in the Seminary's history. Of these six, one was White, being a member of the Society who had had to complete his studies in the South for reasons of health. In 1940 there was no class, but in January of this year four more priests were ordained, making a total of sixteen Negro priests.

Of these sixteen, three are in Lafayette, Louisiana, where with their congregation of 2,300 they form one of the only two all-Negro Catholic parishes on this continent. Four Negro nuns, Sisters of the Holy Family, teach in the grammar school at Lafayette. Father Anthony Bourges is the pastor. At Duson, Louisiana, Father Francis Wade is pastor, assisted by another Negro priest, Father Walter Bowman.

In St. Martinsville, Louisiana, Father Maurice Rousseve is assistant to a White pastor, Father Cosmas Schneider. One of the sixteen is at St. Elizabeth's parish in Chicago, working with three White priests. Two more are in Africa on a mission in the Gold Coast. One of the sixteen is dead. The four newly ordained are completing their studies at the seminary.

Of the sixteen, Father Clarence Howard is the only one actually assigned to the seminary, where he gives missions to outside parishes, propagrandizes for vocations and edits *St. Augustine's Messenger*—organ of the Negro work of the Society of the Divine Word—a rather well-written magazine, particularly so of its kind. All these Negro priests are members of the Society, with the exception of the one in Belize.

At present there are 40 students in the minor seminary, 7 in the major seminary together with the 4 newly-ordained graduates. In addition to the original two bungalows, the seminary now has six large buildings for its activities, which include the training of Negro lay brothers as well as priests. The grounds are handsome and well laid out in an informal way. They have realized there that to start doing much landscaping around moss-hung live oaks would be something like gilding the lily. The chapel is a well-designed brick building.

The faculty are all White priests with the exception of Father Howard. Five White brothers and seven Negro brothers assist in the work of the community. The Negro brothers are trained in various crafts, from farming to book-binding, and are later to be sent out to assist at missions.

The rector of the seminary is Father John Gasper. The provincial of the Society's newly-formed Southern Province, Father Joseph Eckert, also lives at the seminary. As with all true radicals, none of the men involved in the enterprise is self-conscious. One notices this almost before anything else. In its implications the work is so terrifying that it is only by an effort that the ordinary mind can bring itself to contemplate it. But they move through it with a calm, with an acceptance of their status that is almost biblical.

Other orders of priests in this country are beginning to be actively interested in work among the Negroes. The Jesuits and Redemptorists have made definite moves, and the Congregation of the Holy Cross (C.S.C.), despite the fact that it still bars Negroes from its University of Notre Dame, has priests with Negro parishes. But none have done the truly awesome thing that this small and comparatively newly-formed order of priests has done: given to this continent native Negro priests. Just as all Catholic radicals in this country have merely followed where Father (now Monsignor) John Ryan of the Catholic University prophetically led a generation ago, so any work that the Church may ever do on this continent with the Negro can only follow where this small and poor order of priests has gone before.

Whenever one says a word for the Negro to a Southerner, and an argument is precipitated, the Southerner almost invariably falls back on the totally irrelevant old chestnut: "Would you like your sister to be married to a nigger, suh?" So, now that there are Negro priests actually functioning in the South, one occasionally hears the judgment: "Why, they ain't going to get no place. Them other niggers say, 'I ain't going to no nigger to confession' . . ."

I asked Father Howard about this and he smiled. "Wherever I have gone," he said, "and I've given a number of missions through the South, I've been received only with joy."

The road from Norfolk, Virginia, to the altar at Bay St. Louis cannot have been an easy one for this man. When he uses the word "joy," I think he knows just what he is talking about. Come to think of it, too, he edits a thoroughly literate magazine.

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On Christ's Humanity

Fresh and vivid reflections on the story of the gospels.

By **Jean C. de Ménasce**

THERE is much bustling about among the angels: one angel appears to Zachary, another to the Blessed Virgin; the Holy Spirit makes John the Baptist tremble and makes Elizabeth and Zachary prophesy. Obscurities melt away, everything is simple and obvious.

But Joseph is left in darkness and perplexity. The Law offers one solution, with stoning at its end: a shattered and bleeding body under flagstones. His shattered and humiliated heart whispers "she has made an ass of you—be a man." But no, he does not think of himself; he does not become indignant: "She is unfaithful"; he does not act the part of the offended male, wrapped up in his own pride. He thinks of her: he does not wish "publicly to expose her." Beyond legalism and his own sorrow he finds tenderness and dignity and he "was minded to put her away privately."

The Virgin remains silent—and it is not because of outraged virtue. God's secret does not belong to her; she does not think of her own humiliation when all the virtuous gossips of the village will cluck with indignation and joy: "She set herself up as a holy touch-me-not, but she is just like the rest of us, only worse." She thinks of her man and his sufferings; she adores God's style as it sets everything in motion or as it wrings from our substance a solitary drop of pure love. And when later the Evangelist was to hear about these days of silence and these nights of sleeplessness, he perhaps was to hear from her that this man was a "just man," but he will hear nothing of her abandonment to God, who had entered into her life in order to ruin it and to make her scorned by him whom she loved.

Again squadrons of angels wing across the sky, but nothing happens at the gate of the inn. The landlord has to solve the problem according to his lights: "How many rooms are empty? . . . These guests don't look like people who will be spending much money on the side... . ." He does not think —and he could have thought, no one would have asked him more—"The lady looks tired."

And again signs and wonders. Here are Simeon and Anna, the daughter of Phanuel, and they know Who is the Child. Indeed a star joins the party and great lords discommode themselves; and angels rush in to warn of danger. And then —God certainly has odd ways—in order to escape the danger, the little donkey who never moves faster than a walk unless you twist his tail.

The Virgin and Joseph don't lay claim to any virtue: "My God, you are testing us, etc., etc." They do not feel that the game is not worth the candle and that there is any disproportion between so long a journey and its result. "Out of Egypt have I called my son" (and this proves, by the way, that God does not merely plan the main lines of His strategy, but conceives also its details); they don't even make Saint Teresa's sally, after she fell off her mule: "My Lord, I am not surprised that you have so few friends, you treat them so badly." The man ties up a few bundles and the woman looks at the Child, Who resembles her. They are learning to savor God taken straight.

* * *

There is sickness in the house; now the young Man does all the work, takes the orders and delivers the finished product to the customers. The Virgin, leaning over the hearth, from time to time smiles at the man lying in bed. She asks him: "How do you feel?" The saints don't have to use complicated words; all their tremendous love, the density of their love, can be expressed in a smile, a word, which would be banal coming from us, but which spoken by them spans the centuries, digs down into hearts, bursts forth in light. When the Virgin found Christ once more in the temple, she did not assume the tone of a pulpit orator; she spoke as John of the Cross or Teresa spoke. She simply said: "Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

Death comes. Even so, it is hard to cross over to the other when God and His mother are remaining on this side. Christ Who "wept" over the tomb of Lazarus and over Jerusalem enfolds Joseph with His Love; but He does not work a miracle. Certainly Christ will often have seen to the fire; will have gotten up a dozen times during the night, will have remained seated and motionless, "watching and praying," on a stool, when His mother needed a few moments of rest. But everything happened just as it happens in any other house.

The first miracle takes place. A spinster lady, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, would have said: "They are beginning to get

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drunk. How fortunate that there is no more wine! Let's give them lemonade." The Virgin, woman of the world, divines the embarrassment of her hosts. After all a little confusion is not such a terrible thing, and later on some will say to their friends, "The feast wasn't much of a success; we were on short rations." There will be snickers about it until the next little excitement. And the Virgin does not think it out of place to appeal to the Omnipotence of her Son in order to spare these good people a minor humiliation. And Omnipotence become man, filled with grace and also with graciousness, performs His first miracle. The wag who makes toasts and puns greets this miracle with a crack which is not in the best taste, but which forecasts for centuries to come the condition of our inner wine cellar. After we have seen all this, where are we to place God in our categories?

* * *

He "overthrew the tables . . . and the chairs;" He "made . . . a scourge of little cords;" He is angry and strikes those who do business in the temple; He damns the Pharisees. With other sinners His attitude is altogether different. He discusses theology with the Samaritan woman who set herself up as an intellectual and had had six husbands; He gives her a little illumination and just enough irony to bring her back to her real problem. He invites Himself to the house of Zacheus: and he, dealt with frankly and considerately, yields. To the woman taken in adultery He says: "Neither will I condemn thee;" forgiveness is at times more devastatingly humbling than punishment; He lets Mary Magdalene weep at His feet; there is no greater torture for some hearts than to look upon their own false love in the pitiless and sweet light of true love.

In order that we may better understand that we do not understand Christ's attitude, let us revivify the personages and the setting of the Gospels. We have Our Lord slapping in the face the ushers at some novena and pushing out into the street the pious lady with her counter piled with objects of piety. We have Him wasting time with a Protestant lady who has been divorced six times and who is arguing about the Oxford Movement and who thinks that she is pious and courageous because she prefers to pray at home rather than in church. We have Him allowing a Broadway showgirl to anoint His feet with beauty creams and the whole contents of a big bottle of expensive perfume. And we have Him condemning a pious Canon who is confident of going to Heaven because he eats sardines every Friday and contributes a dollar every year to the Christ Child Society.

Christ never sought for easy effects; why then these two attitudes? And the usher seems to me more worthy of consideration than a chorus girl, and an ecclesiastic, even if he is a little smug and sure of his salvation, more worthy of consideration than some man of doubtful morals.

Could one find an explanation of this, not in any hostility of Christ toward the merchant but toward money? Of all the creatures which can put themselves between God and us, Christ seems above all to fear the competition of money. Other creatures do not frighten Him; they are basically so honest; after a few impulses of arrogance they all end up like John the Baptist by retiring and admitting that they are not our Christ.

Potatoes have not the perfume of flowers; a rose is not nourishing, and it knows that it is not. We want roses and bread; we want a symphony of Beethoven which burgeons in us like some gigantic tree; and also we want the fresh gaiety of Mozart. And then too we want the tenderness of our mother and we want sand dunes and cities and solitude and company and glory, and above all we want to love and, so much, to be loved. And even when all is ours, our hunger remains total: we want all joys simultaneously.

The creature entreated by our begging ardor does not cheat: it constantly plays the same tune, like some monotonous whistle which does not swell out into a full organ but merely goes "tweet tweet." Then begins the great drama: we are enraged, we cry treason, we read Schopenhauer, we become unbearable to the rest of the family and we burst into tears like children. And God, who had not been too greatly scandalized by our sinful and pure adolescence—so violent and so imploring—comes and tells us little idiots "it is only in Me that all joys are gathered together;" there is nothing I can do about it, it is only I Who am mother, friend, spouse, solitude, adventure, calm, companionship, music, glory, liberty, love, flesh, laughter—Deus Sabaoth.

But if maturity has come ahead of God and if money has entered into the great drama of the creatures, things become more complicated: money is a dangerous and tricky creature: "All creatures do not yield to you; but be patient, you will buy them. Each of them is insufficient, but by my means you will possess all of them in succession. What God gives you all at once, I will give you in succession . . . in me also all joys are as if gathered together. With money one can become free, distinguished, cultivated; one can travel and indulge in the luxury of solitude. By my means life is adventurous and secure." Money is the great ersatz for God. That is perhaps why the chosen people, the priestly people, the people made for God rushed into business when it would have nothing to do with Him. That is perhaps why so many church vestibules look like five-and-ten-cent stores. And that is why Christ said that one cannot love both God and money.

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But why does Christ seem to treat in like fashion the rich man and a certain kind of virtuous man? Is there a certain spiritual relationship between such externally different types?

Both are smug, both have rights, both pay for what they get, both are sure of themselves. They manipulate God or creatures without respect and without humility.

Just as a primitive sorcerer encloses God, willy nilly, within his magic circle, the rich man or the Pharisee, the virtuous post-Kantian man or the "bookkeeping" Christian have their rights with God since they have done their duty. They know nothing of the freedom of love and of friendship; they have a credit balance, do as they would be done by. "I have done this, you must do that; I have invited you to luncheon, now you must invite me to dinner; I have fasted, you must give me Paradise. I have endowed a hospital, my conscience is clear."

The rich man gives in order that he may receive or in order to pay a debt which hurts his pride. His right hand is not in ignorance of what his left hand does. He does not know how to give or to receive without striking a trial balance. He will go home without having been justified, he will remain empty-handed. And he will be very much surprised. Hell and Heaven have this in common: that they surprise those who enter them.

* * *

Can one translate "Deus ludet in orbem terrarum" by "God plays tricks on the world?" Christ is both a lover and a prankster; thus He appears to us in the last judgment. The just and the wicked above all will be astonished: God has played a great trick on the world, He has planted himself in each of our brothers. His prankishness has no malice; He acts like a child who warns his parents of the terrible joke he is going to play on them. He warns us "I shall come like a thief" without warning. He does not have the church bells ring in His coming—or perhaps it would be better to say that He comes in all sorts of ways. He comes in through walls and we kneel down. He comes to the front door and we tell the servant to say that madame is not at home. Nobody can hold Him; "Verbum Dei non est alligatum." Can we not see Him winking at us from His human hiding place in Bellevue or Sing Sing? And it is not always in some poor wretch that He puts Himself in order to be scorned. He also puts Himself in our equals to be envied and in our superiors to be criticized. His game is above board; He is winking at us from everywhere at once. But it has been such a long time since financiers, embittered workmen, solemn pastors, and women of the world have played any winking games.

Oh, you gave me a start! What a fine joke! You were also in me. I get up, and look in the mirror, and ask myself questions, and I ask my friends questions. Everybody is of the same opinion, that I don't look at all like Christ. Therein lies my condemnation. Grown-ups, Chesterton remarks, enjoy a good joke only once or twice, then they become tired. It is children alone who burst into laughter at the thousandth repetition. We have become so old that we cannot understand how God can be so youthful in spirit, and that He repeats the same joke with the same enthusiasm millions of times, *forever*.

* * *

We all have the bitter memory of family reconciliations: "How I have suffered through all these years;" the long silences, the allusions to the past, the litany of reproaches. With God there is only emotion and joy. When the son was still a long ways off, his father "running to him fell upon his neck and kissed him." The father interrupts the son's self-accusation—his child must at once feel at home. He does not say "Every day I was waiting for you and watching for you;" he gives orders with the same emotion as that felt by a mother whose child comes back from school with wet socks. "Bring forth quickly a robe . . . quickly prepare a good meal . . . the boy has always liked good food and he loves veal . . . let us eat joyfully." He shows his joy to the servants and he shows his joy to the elder son. The whole world recognizes his love. He is not ashamed to be too joyful. And he wants his joy to be shared.

When the priest closes the slide in his confessional, when the penitent comes out from behind the curtain, do they think of the joy there is in Heaven? I have known only one priest who said to his housekeeper: "It is Saturday night, Mary, put flowers on the dining table and in my room; the rectory must look festive." "Am I to do this even in winter, Father?" "Even in winter." And Mary replied in frozen tones that she had never seen "money thrown out of the window in such fashion." And I have known many prodigal sons who in the midst of the feast thought to themselves, "Dad should have remembered that I prefer mutton chops."

* * *

The old men, the wise men, the hero, the knight, the learned man, the gentleman, the consumptive, the dandy, the damned, and the child have from time to time served as concrete ideal for some human group. Nowadays it seems difficult to find a concrete ideal which can claim for itself a sufficient number of supporters. We are so divided from each other and so complex. Has not Christ got the complexity which we need? For we do need a personal ideal to attract us and to summon us.

People admired the old: they represented the

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accumulated wisdom of generations, they were living wisdom, tradition. Then books came and all wisdom was within reach on the shelves of a library. Today we are beginning again to understand that everything is not to be found in the Encyclopaedia Britannica; that there exists a wisdom which can pierce the tight armor of books and which can be preserved only in a living person. Christ is the ancient of days and the living wisdom. Here is a truth which one cannot put into a book but which "our hands have touched."

The cult of heroes has had ups and downs; Plutarch, academicism and the opera have done heroes no good. It is not their greatness which displeases us: we still love greatness in spite of years of cultivation of the intimate, of psychological drama, and of the atmospheres of the clinic and the boudoir; but we still want more substance and human solidity in our heroes. Christ answers our need. He is the hero Who dives from Heaven and soars up toward God to make creation loop the loop. But in this immense undertaking He is not affected or "heroic"; He is natural and human. When He is sorrowful and feels lonely, He asks His friends to watch, to remain close at hand, but to leave Him alone. While He is accomplishing his task on the cross, He thinks of His mother: "Woman, behold thy son." And when He is thirsty, He says so; and physical suffering does not prevent Him from thinking of others: "This day thou shalt be with me . . ." As His last words He does not utter the sort of phrase to which we are accustomed in the great climaxes of history; He cries out: *"Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani?"*

But it is not sufficient for us that the cosmic hero should have more psychological and human stuff to him. We have not read Don Quixote in vain; the ideal of the knight must mark the hero's visage. The knight fights for lost causes. He does not fly to victory; he does not believe that there is an indissoluble alliance between morality and hundred percent patriotism; he has the gift of epic action not for duty's sake, not for love of country, but for the love of one single person.

It seems to me that Christ is enough of a Don Quixote to suit us. He does not believe that His task will be successful; He fights for love's sake, but He knows that "the charity of many shall grow cold" in the world at the time of His return; He does not fly to victory. His magnificent and poverty-stricken epic of Heaven on earth and of earth in Heaven He undertook for the love of one single person—for the love of some you or me, living on Anacostia Island.

But even a more modern ideal finds in Him its fulfillment. He is a perfect gentleman. The gentleman does not put his whole wealth on display nor all his cultivation in his shop window; Christ does not parade His divinity; He is not a climber, or, to put it in Saint Paul's words, He does not consider His divinity as though it were some spoil of war. He is God with the same assurance as that with which a man who has always been rich accepts his riches. The gentleman knows how to keep his distance without giving offense; Christ mixes with us, shares our life, but He keeps His distances with a supreme politeness which cannot offend: "I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God." And then the gentleman, when he speaks of his work and of what he is doing, by preference leans toward under-statement; when Christ speaks of His kingdom, prepared and foretold from the beginning of time and which will last even to the fullness of the ages, He speaks of it as "a mustard seed." Can we conceive of Hitler speaking of his new order and calling it a grain of mustard seed? The tiny crisis which Hitler has set going and which for better or for worse will last a few centuries goes at least by the style of a *"Deutscheweltordnungsherrenrasse."*

But a gentleman is not royal, he is not of the people, and he is not childlike. Christ is at once royal: "Thou sayest that I am a king . . . If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou me?" And He is of the people: "Understand you not that everything from without entering into a man cannot defile him; because it entereth not into his heart but goeth into his belly and goeth out into the privy, purging all meats?" He is in touch with simple things, food, work, the fields. Saint Paul is always inward, intellectual, dramatic; Christ is in touch with nature and the trades of men.

And for those who fancy the damned, the broken, and the suffering, He is the man condemned to the cross, He is in the leper stricken with grief; the people stick their tongues out at Him.

And for those who will have nothing less than God in His radiant night, He is the door by which one enters and departs; He is the complete knowledge of God. "He who sees me sees my Father."

Thus He is Word and Flesh with a smile; He is royal and childlike, condemned and spontaneous, shepherd and wise man, knight and friend—and all this with supreme ease. *Ecce Homo!*

Geese on the Pond

Geese on the pond in autumn weather,
Seeing a mariner goose on high,
Raise their throats and all together
Honk at the bird against the sky.

Even though wings have lost the limber
Vigor to make a long ascent,
Geese who have never flown remember
Flight and a steeper element.

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH when the book on which I comment this week arrived there were several others awaiting attention, most of them important studies of highly critical phases of our great contemporary problems, it was rather to Heywood Broun that I turned ("Collected Edition of Heywood Broun," Harcourt, $3.50). But I did not really turn to a book. It was the man himself that was the attraction. So it was in his life-time; so it will be as long as those who knew him in life remember him. And it should be recalled in this connection that there were many, many thousands of men and women, of all classes, of greatly differing opinions, young and old, some highly literate and deeply cultured, others to whom the sporting page held the deepest interest of the written word—who felt, and I think correctly felt, that they knew Heywood Broun, even though they may never have met him, or even seen him. Not only did they know him, but they knew that they liked him.

That was my own case. I knew Broun only very slightly, meeting him only casually on a few occasions, without opportunities for enlarging the slight acquaintance; but I had learned to like the man long before our first brief meeting, for to him as a writer was granted the rare gift of a seemingly effortless ability to communicate his own personality, no matter what the subject of his writing might be. This is the ability peculiar to born essayists. It does not depend upon the possession of (or by) an assertive, dominating, egotistical spirit, but rather is a spirit of a directly contrary kind. Charles Lamb was such a spirit. So was G. K. Chesterton. It gives to its possessors a quality lacking in many other essayists who yet have been great writers, but great because of other qualities than this exceedingly rare and life-enhancing gift. At the root of this particular talent—or perhaps the Christian term "grace," used without theological implication, might be more suitable—is always a deep strain of goodness—predominant above all other qualities its fortunate possessor may have.

Of how almost unanimously this quality was recognized in Heywood Broun, that recently published volume, "Heywood Broun: How He Seemed to Us," was striking proof. It was the note struck by all the writers and public men who contributed to that memorial. And rarely, in my recollection at least, has a miscellaneous collection of tributes to a man recently dead been so convincing in its varied reflections of a fundamental trait of character in the subject of the eulogies.

That his leading trait—for which, indeed, a deeper word might readily and justly be used: for his good heart was fixed upon real love for his fellows—is also one far more widely spread than much of today's cynical literature might indicate was proven, I believe, by the response given to Heywood Broun as a writer and to a less extent to Heywood Broun as an active participant in many political and social movements in which he ardently believed. I can well remember how deeply he impressed many readers, myself among them, even when, as often happened, those readers did not agree with his opinions. Yet we liked the writer; we gave him a willing audience; even when we still held firmly to our contrary opinions we knew that we were in the presence of a truly fine spirit; one innately religious in a sense deeper than any formal religious creed. His Catholic readers—and friends, even though not of his personal acquaintance—naturally felt that this deep, all-pervading quality of the man had most fittingly developed when the news came—so shortly before all news of him ceased in death—that he had ended his long spiritual quest in the ancient Church.

But apparently all his friends felt that such an ending was natural for Heywood Broun. Probably few of the better-known journalists of our troubled latter years ever devoted less space, ostensibly, to what is regarded as "religious writing," except, of course, for the famous Christmas pieces; yet I think that very few religious writers known as such in our country ever saturated so much of a vast bulk of writing in true religious spirit than this apparently careless and generally care-free rover in the fields of sport and the drama and public affairs and books and life in general.

His son, Heywood Hale Broun, is the editor of the volume, and has done an excellent job. But without the true excellence of Broun's own writing, such a book would be only one more or less perfunctory memorial. On the contrary, it is a live book—for Heywood Broun lives in it as one of the best of our writers.

Communications

FARMS

Albert Lea, Minn.

TO the Editors: Just came from the local library where I read the March 14 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. And I wanted to congratulate you for publishing such fine articles in defense of the rural cause. Someone must take the lead to make our people more rural minded; it will do much to save us from the economic and social disorders which are sure to follow this mad war.

I was particularly happy to see another article by Albert Eisele. He is a promising writer who needs encouragement and support. It seems to me that people living on the land can speak best the merits of rural living.

May God bless your fine work.

REV. WM. SCHIMEK.

PEACE PLANS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There seems to me to be an air of resignation to our supposed inevitable entry into the war in the first paragraph of your editorial, "Should America Formulate Peace Plans Now?" (March 28). That such resignation should exist is deeply disturbing. May not such a state of mind indulged in by too many of us be one of the causes of our participation in the conflict?

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Dare we Christians give up faith in the speedy peace for which we are praying? "All things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive: and they shall come unto you." Have we forgotten that verse?

MARION CLARK.

The Stage & Screen

Native Son

I HAVEN'T read Richard Wright's novel from which the play "Native Son" was adapted by Mr. Wright and Paul Green, and so I cannot say whether or not the play adequately expresses the spirit of the original story; I can only say that I found the play, aside from the staging, direction and acting, disappointing. As it stands it seems to me a rather crude melodrama with an interesting psychological study in its leading protagonist. It was probably Mr. Wright's intention to make the play a social document and an appeal for better treatment of the Negro, with communistic inter-meanings, but the choice of a congenital brute and degenerate as a symbol of the white man's ill treatment of the black sidetracks this intention pretty completely. What we have is simply a criminal who might basically have been either black or white, a criminal for whom there can be no rational pity. It is true that the fact that he is a Negro adds to his character the feeling of inferiority, but it would be a libel on the Negro race to make Bigger Thomas in any way representative. He is simply a moral imbecile, and the attempt of Mr. Wright to ennoble him at the end through the plea of the defense lawyer is not only futile, but appalling in its moral implications. As he awaits execution Bigger says proudly that he at last feels himself a man, and Mr. Wright through his defense lawyer seems to agree. When we consider that the reason for Bigger's new-felt "manhood" is, as he himself proclaims, his murder of a white woman, we wonder what kind of morality Mr. Wright believes in. To the normal man it is surely nothing less than the apotheosis of sadism. It is this lack of moral balance which shows too in the introduction of what was to me the most unpleasant scene I have ever witnessed in the theatre. It is no excuse to insist that such scenes occur; there are some things too shocking for visual portrayal, at least to an American audience. Such scenes as the one in which Bigger smothers the drunken society girl might well bring censorship to the theatre.

But whatever we may think of the play itself, high praise must go to the acting, or at least to most of it. Canada Lee makes of Bigger Thomas an unforgettable portrait. Mr. Lee has power, variety, imaginative impetus. Excellent too are Evelyn Ellis and Helen Martin as his mother and sister, Anne Burr as Mary Dalton, Paul Stewart as the reporter and Ray Collins as the lawyer for the defense. They all played their parts up to the hilt, and at moments almost made us believe that we were witnessing not a melodrama but a tragedy. Orson Welles directed the play, and his remarkable mastery of broad effects has never been more evident. Mr. Welles is a director such as the theatre needs, for he has freedom, imagination and power. It is understandable why such a play as "Native Son" should have appealed to him, and given the material he was given he has made the most of it; in choosing James Marcom to do the settings he chose the right man. But let us hope that the next play Mr. Welles elects to direct and to present in association with John Houseman will be of less factitious appeal. A play setting forth the true tragedy of the Negro ought to be up his alley. "Native Son" is not such a play, however effective it may be in its melodramatic moments. It is, when all is said and done, false in its method and appeal. A word too should be said about the continuous blasphemy in the dialogue. It is offensive and it also becomes tiresome. *(At the St. James Theatre.)* GRENVILLE VERNON.

Fly Away Jack; Come Back Topper

"I WANTED WINGS" continues Hollywood's present cycle designed to entertain with airplane and defense pictures. Dedicated to the boys who are manning the high ramparts, the picture was filmed mainly at Randolph, Kelly, and March Fields. While our heroes go through their complicated training, the audience, too, gets a snappy course in aeronautics from the preliminary pep talk, through snatches of technical courses, the long training flights, the solo, then on to bigger and more involved maneuvers, and finally the commission. Some of this is done in straight exposition, and some with silvery planes zooming through beautifully photographed clouds; but all of it becomes a little wearisome. After you feel that you could step into the next plane and fly it yourself, the film gets around to showing that fliers are like other men and that flying pictures must have plots even if they're thoroughly manufactured and corny.

The complications concern three trainees: a rich, spoiled playboy who has to learn about bravery as well as flying (Ray Milland); a big, Joe-college sort of lad who's not much on the book stuff, but is a natural-born pilot (Wayne Morris); a poor, but honest and brave, grease monkey who wants his wings more than anything (William Holden). Then of course there are the inevitable girls: Constance Moore a pretty photographer; and Veronica Lake a mean, seductive, underdressed blonde who has to do some pretty silly things in this unconvincing story. As you expect: one of the boys is killed in a crash; the other boys and the girls get assorted and reassorted; after some thrilling suspense there is a terrible wreck of a flying fortress; the two remaining heroes fall all over each other to take the blame. Producer Arthur Hornblow did not spend as much time or money on the plot as he did on the big flying scenes. Director Mitchell Leisen did not concentrate particularly on the acting. Nor did anyone care too much about how the film was pieced together; the time of a few scenes is confusing, and some of the plot's whys and wherefores are never explained. . . . But the planes are the main actors; and they come up to all requirements.

"Topper Returns" is one of those movies at which you laugh and laugh, and then afterward you can't remember

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why. In this case Hal Roach's comedy has a thin story, some of the Topper characters thought up by the late Thorne Smith and a lot of humorous dialogue and situations. Director Roy del Ruth lets his large and good cast do the specialties that they've done well in other pictures—except for Joan Blondell who doesn't have a chance to be as tough or wise-cracking as usual. (She's killed off in the beginning of the picture and it's her ghost that has to go its smart-alecky way to find the murderer.) Bluff, embarrassed, twinkly-eyed Roland Young has a swell time helping Joan especially when she's invisible. Billie Burke is prettier, sweeter and sillier than ever, and Patsy Kelly is perfect at looking astounded and disgusted at each of Billie's screwy *non sequiturs*. But it is Rochester (colored Eddie Anderson) who keeps the audience in stitches—no matter whether he's just frightened at the Poesque haunted house, dumbfounded at Joan's powers of invisibility or battling with a seal after falling through a trap door. The fun of the invisible-people scenes has worn off quite a bit since the first "Topper," but this newest item substitutes some lovely touches of horror and gruesomeness and many hearty laughs.

Young Robert C. Sherwood (not Robert E.) obviously designed his first production for adults — sentimental adults. From its 1907 beginning, *"Adam Had Four Sons"* glows with an aura of weepy nostalgia that continues as papa goes to his family for consolation when the market crashes, as mama dies, as the beautiful foreign governess holds the family together, as the war takes the sons away, as evil is introduced into the family when one of the sons brings home his trullish wife, as the Armistice returns the sons, and as the faithful governess expels the wicked daughter-in-law and restores goodness and tranquillity to Adam's household. Gregory Ratoff has directed the episodic script, based on Charles Bonner's "Legacy," as a very minor American "Cavalcade." In a movie full of shallow characterization, Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter, Susan Hayward and Charles Lind manage to make their indifferently-written rôles stand out.

Don't let the good casts in two minor pictures fool you into thinking the films might have something to offer. John Wayne, Frances Dee, Edward Ellis, Wallace Ford and Ward Bond flounder around with the unbelievably bad, overburdened-with-wisecracks script in *"A Man Betrayed"* and get nowhere at all. Director John H. Auer should have recognized that the story (about a country lawyer who comes to the big city, tries to clean up some crooked politicians and falls in love with the leader's daughter) was old stuff in the twenties. Furthermore the characters never make simple, straightforward speeches; they always spout epigrams and figures of speech—and very corny ones at that. . . . In *"Free and Easy"* the cast just gives up in despair. They realized, even if on one else did, that repeating over and over "I love you; you're beautiful," doesn't make a movie. In 1930 this was on the stage as Ivor Novello's "The Truth Game." Even then it must have seemed dated with its plot about a boy and girl who are out to marry money so they can live in luxury, but of course wind up together and penniless. Its lines are pathetically playful—even for

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a pseudo-smart racing-set English comedy of manners. The whole thing is a shameful waste of the good talents of Judith Anderson, Ruth Hussey, Robert Cummings and those three perennial Britishers, C. Aubrey Smith, Nigel Bruce and Reginald Owen. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

It Seems to Me

Collected Edition of Heywood Broun. Preface by Heywood Hale Broun. Harcourt. $3.50.

HERE at last we have the book that has been awaited by the many friends and admirers of Heywood Broun, for it contains the best of his writings, selected by his son, who seems to have inherited not a little of the genius of his father. As might be expected the best of Heywood Broun is among the best writing that has appeared in the American press in the past quarter-century. And this volume is important beyond being a tribute to the memory of a great writer and public figure, for it includes a discussion of many of the issues, vital and trivial, of our times—a discussion of them while they were still live and troublesome issues. It makes good reading.

But this book is important above all as the picture of the mind and soul of a great journalist . . . and of his reactions to the times in which he lived and worked. In it we see him develop from the cub reporter fresh out of Harvard to the veteran campaigner who like his own underdog "can lick his weight in the wildcats of the world." He is mild enough at the start as we see him at the sports event, the theatre, at the cradle of his son, but in the fullness of his power his wrath can be terrible and his onslaught savage. We see him go forth in a score of causes, mostly lost causes, for no one loved the underdog better than he. We see him take up the fight of Sacco and Vanzetti, of Tom Mooney, of child labor, of the working newspaperman, of all causes that he thought worthy. We hear him let loose his wrath on Father Coughlin, on Mayor Hague, on the machine politicians, on Adolf Hitler, on Benito Mussolini, on American reactionaries. He loved to make friends but he loved even more to make enemies—the right kind of enemies. And he is still loved for his choice of both. He had a mind of his own and he expressed it beautifully. He showed courage in every piece that came from his typewriter.

It is hard to realize that these essays—most of them are less than 900 words each—that flow so smoothly and that read so well and that are so effectively reasoned were written under the stress of modern journalism with the edition deadline always waiting. In one of them he says that in the old days he liked to imagine that he was Charles Lamb, but that he could not make the grade; and yet some of these pieces could well bear comparison with the "Essays of Elia." The gentle Lamb could never rise to the sublime wrath of Broun. As he himself remarked in his piece on Bill Bolitho: "The man who writes well enough and thinks through the thing before him can win his immortality, even though his piece appears obscurely in a Wall Street edition. Most of us on papers, for all our swagger, are five and a half times too humble." There are some of the essays of Broun of which this is true, and may I nominate his parables and essays on Christmas?

Broun's versatility was remarkable. He has been best known as the fighter, as the campaigner for the underdog, but he will probably be longest remembered for other things, for his autobiographical pieces, for his Christmas pieces, for his essays on death, on democracy, on education. Some of these are light, whimsical things, and often they have the touch of greatness.

Included in this volume are the two pieces he wrote on his conversion to the Catholic Church, "A Talk With a Friend" and "Not in This Issue." In neither of these does he explain his reasons for embracing Catholicism, contenting himself with the assertion of the right to worship God as he saw fit. This was the true Broun. And this recalls a personal experience.

The first intimation I had of the conversion of Broun was a vague remark in one of the gossip columns—I think it was Winchell's. As a news editor I asked a reporter to call Broun at home by telephone and ask him about it. He readily admitted his conversion, but added that it was so personal a matter that he could not discuss it for publication, and he asked that nothing be printed about it. We respected his wishes. And once more I respect them.

NEIL MAC NEIL.

BIOGRAPHY

Kabloona. Gontran de Poncins. Reynal. $3.00.

THE KABLOONA—the white man—is a curious creature. To prove to himself that the primitive savage is noble in exact ratio to the extent that he is uncontaminated by contact with white civilization, he travels to the ends of the earth, endures unbelievable privations to offer the contamination of his own person. Generally he excuses himself in the name of Science. The Vicomte de Poncins is more frank; his avowed object in visiting the troglodytic Eskimos of the arctic circle is personal regeneration, plus the incidental collection of a few curios. He penetrates the Eskimo's igloo, shares his meals of frozen raw fish and seal-blubber, spies upon his bestial habits—keeping all the while a detailed diary of uncommon sensibility and perception.

And then, of course, he returns to civilization and publishes his diary.

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1,000,000 square miles which only a handful of white men have ever penetrated. The author's vivid description of the Eskimo's customs and environment is given depth by his sensitive exploration of the Eskimo mentality—as direct and baffling as a child's. The Eskimo can't tell you about himself; he has no capacity for generalization—properly speaking, he doesn't think at all. Only by sharing his life, by gradually substituting his mentality for your own, can you arrive at an understanding. This is what de Poncins set out to do, and his spiritual adventure supplies the engrossing core of his book.

De Poncins' farthest penetration is to Pelly Bay, which only three white men in a century have visited. Here he finds the Eskimo at his most unspoiled and most admirable. And here too he encounters the Catholic missionary Father Henry who inhabits year in and year out a seven-foot-square, fifty-five-below-zero "rectory"—originally a storehouse for frozen seal-meat. De Poncins pays Father Henry the tribute of indirectly excepting him from his thesis of contamination. Could it be that not the color of his skin but the position of his palm determines the Kabloona's menace? DAVID BURNHAM.

Holmes-Pollock Letters. Edited by M. De W. Howe. Harvard. $7.50.

JUSTICE HOLMES was without a doubt one of the most brilliant jurists this country has ever had. Sir Frederick Pollock was one of the two or three great legal thinkers of recent England. These their letters, which they wrote one another from 1874 to 1932, could not help being extraordinarily interesting. In graceful, witty and incisive prose they record their observations on the course of history, the men of their time, books. Deeply engrossed in the origin and development of law, they exchange much legal comment of interest to the lawyer and student of our public institutions. But it is the letters which reflect broad cultural interest in philosophy, literature, religion and politics that will be enjoyed by the ordinary reader.

Justice Holmes is well known to Americans, as is his huge influence upon the growth of our constitutional law. Not so many here know about Sir Frederick. He was an accomplished linguist who could write verse in Latin, Greek, French, German, and read some of the Eastern languages. He published authoritative works on the law of torts, contracts and general jurisprudence; wrote humorous verse, "Leading Cases Done in English," a book on Spinoza; collaborated with Maitland on what is perhaps the most fascinating history of English law, and edited an important English legal review. Catholics will disagree with the theological views of the correspondents, especially with those of Holmes, who was unfortunately taken in by the philosophical, theological and historical pretenses current and popular during the nineteenth century. The two volumes are boxed and contain splendid illustrations. JOSEPH CALDERON.

Douglas Fairbanks. Alistair Cooke. Museum of Modern Art. $1.00.

IF THERE are any doubts in your mind about the value of reading a monograph devoted to Douglas Fairbanks, let me dispel them at once, for Alistair Cooke has written his piece so brilliantly that he could make the dullest man (which his present subject isn't, of course) seem as interesting as Noel Coward. Before dissecting and analyzing that once popular star, the author studies Hollywood's present process of creating a screen personality; and it is this part of his book which should be required reading for anyone who has any illusions about cinema acting or actors. After establishing his thesis: "Screen acting is not so much the functioning of an individual talent as a presentation of raw material," and "The routine of creating a personality has been so often rehearsed, it is a wonder that any boy or girl worked on by a studio does not automatically become a star," Mr. Cooke gets down to specific cases that are absorbing and enlightening. He winds up with the details on Fairbanks, who "is still unique in movie history" because Fairbanks *was* so frequently the character he portrayed. From the raw material ("splendid humanness fairly oozed out of him") there developed "Doug" the popular philosopher, athlete, showman. From those first radiant, bounding films that were "energetic sermons," Cooke traces his career to the final, elaborate, expensive costume films of the last period when the "cracker barrel gymnast" became a "fly-by-night missionary in fancy dress." Whether you saw and enjoyed the Fairbanks movies or not, Cooke's astute insight and brisk style present the actor so you know and find him engaging now. If you're inspired to see some old Fairbanks films, you'll find a couple in the program at the Museum of Modern Art's present revival of "Forty Years of American Comedy."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Bronson Alcott, Teacher. Dorothy McCuskey. Macmillan. $2.50.

BRONSON ALCOTT took pains to rear himself a monument—five or six million words of journals and a vast correspondence, in addition to his published books and papers. For all his pains he was remembered by posterity simply as the father of the "Little Women" until Odell Shepard in "Pedlar's Progress" rescued the man and his ideas from the neglected mass of words. That biography preserves all of Bronson Alcott that has significance today.

Miss McCuskey has made a special study of Alcott's educational theories and practices. She has produced a thorough but uninspired and unilluminating treatise, in which the bare bones of a doctoral thesis stick starkly through an inept attempt at popularization. Alcott the teacher is more clearly and vividly depicted in two chapters of Shepard's book than in the eight of this study, whose appeal is confined to specialists in the history of education. "Bronson Alcott, Teacher" is one of the Kappa Delta Pi Research Publications, and won the third research award of that educational society. MASON WADE.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Living Religions and a World Faith. William Ernest Hocking. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE TROUBLE with Protestant authors when they write on religion is that every one of them has his own terminology, based on his own definitions. An author like W. E. Hocking, of course, being an authority and one recognized internationally, seems all the more entitled to the privilege of speaking a scientific language of his own making.

Thus there is, e.g., Mr. Hocking's doctrine on "religion." He wants to free it from "all localisms" and "historical accidents," in other words, he wants a super-religion abstracted from our present "localized and historical religious forms" such as Christianity, Buddhism, Islam, etc. They are all localized, historical incarnations

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of the one, true religion according to Hocking. Mr. Hocking writes with great courage, sincerity and clarity, the latter quality despite his peculiar terminology; he will not be surprised if we reject such relativism. His close contact with the East as an intellectual pioneer in the Protestant missionary field must be responsible for his lack of faith in the absolute value of Christianity. Like Origen and Clement of Alexandria, in his irenic endeavor he is searching for the logos spermatikos, but unlike them he has lost his trust in Christ's—the historical and mystical—absoluteness. It is needless to say that his basic conceptions of truth, religion, morality and their inter-relations are relativistic and totally unacceptable.

His book is, however, full of provocative thought and needs an answer of the same thoroughness. This short review must remain unjust to his effort. Here is a positive suggestion to wind up with. It seems to me that one of our leading church historians should join with exegetes, dogma scholars and patrologists to investigate a problem which we all feel, but which none of us has as yet had the learning or courage to approach adequately: to try to give a true, scientific and honest morphology of our Catholic religious *life* as it really is. Priests and scholars in all countries should collaborate to establish sufficient material for this morphology. Only then can we decide what is "localism," "historical accident," peripheral, essential. A great deal has been done by F. J. Doelger and his school, by Dom Odo Casel and others as far as the early past is concerned. The dictionaries of theology, archeology and liturgy by French scholars, Henri Brémond, Fr. von Huegel and, above all, Cardinal Newman, have blazed the beginning of a trail. If we do not want the contrast between such a beautiful vision as Karl Adam's and the real embodiment, to confuse those who are looking for the features of Christ in His Mystical Body, we have to be certain that we ourselves take first things first, essentials essentially, and avoid selling real "localisms" for THE true religion. Nobody wants sticks out of the fence instead of the garden itself. H. A. REINHOLD.

Prophecy From The Past. On Conquest and Usurpation. Benjamin Constant. Edited and Translated by Helen Byrne Lippmann. Reynal. $1.25.

THIS analysis of the evils of dictatorship and aggression, written over a century ago by Benjamin Constant who was then a French refugee in Germany with Napoleon still master of Europe, reads like a tract for our times. The reasoning, which goes deeper than the political to the moral issues involved, predicts that dictatorships cannot maintain themselves and must ultimately collapse either from revolutions, attacks from without or decay from within. Dictatorship is doomed to be its own grave digger, because it stifles all freedom and intellectual progress, corrupts morality and uses other self-defeating means. In Constant's time, too, dictatorship resorted to "defamatory campaigns," "false pretexts and scandalous lies" to the point where "words lose their meaning," and made up for the "inadequacy of propaganda" by terrorization, regimentation, degradation and enslavement of the mind and consciences of man, as well as of his body. The sharply etched portrait of the dictator is bitingly relevant: "Uneasy, tormented with fear, the usurper does not believe in his own claims although he forces the world to recognize them. . . . What cunning, violence and perjury are necessary to his success. . . . He must play upon the good faith of some, take advantage of the weaknesses of others, awaken greed, encourage injustice, urge corruption, in other words force men's worst instincts to a rank and rapid growth." The appeasers are castigated, who by their fallacious arguments encourage tyranny, and the dangers are pointed out of using peace sentiments, which help the aggressor nations, "which despise such sentiments." This little treatise ends—is it a coincident?—with a eulogy of England, the "inspiration and hope" of the "great, the good and the free people in our day." It is all the more surprising that Benjamin Constant who so denounced Napoleon should have accepted from him after his escape from Elba the post of Counsellor of State. In this too there is a moral lesson.

EMMANUEL CHAPMAN.

The Dual State. Ernst Fraenkel. Oxford. $3.00.

NAZI GERMANY'S juridical order is divided into two parts, the traditional administrative bodies and the courts; but existing alongside them and overshadowing them in importance and might is a system exercising unlimited power. The first the author calls the normative state, and the second the prerogative state. Part One describes the juridical order of nazi Germany and explains the relations and friction existing between these two aspects of the legal system. Part Two discusses the legal theory of the dual state and offers an explanation of the juridical dualism of Germany's law, and Part Three, the concluding section, confronts the dualist theory with the legal realities of Germany and seeks to explain its causation. The author holds that the symbiosis of capitalism and national socialism finds its institutional form in the dual state and that this state is the necessary political outgrowth of a transitional period wrought with tension. Interesting, and factual treatment of nazi law.

FICTION

Between Two Worlds. Upton Sinclair. Viking. $3.00.

"SIX FULL-LENGTH love stories; four weddings and two separations; two murders and one near-hanging," and all this action bursting over a goodly portion of two continents, ought to make a thrilling novel. But "Between Two Worlds" is never very thrilling. It goes on and on, for some 850-odd pages, now bright, now dull, now full of good description, now pounding over cobble-stones of stiff, hurried exposition. We never stop, in this story, to see a character in full, we merely take each in our stride—and the stride has to be long.

Upton Sinclair's novel of last year, "World's End," began the story of Lanny Budd and a few others who recur in "Between Two Worlds." The new novel reads as if it had been dashed off on odd evenings during 1940. Lanny's mother falls in love with a young friend of Lanny's, an ex-spy of the German army. Lanny, not to be outdone, then falls in love with Marie de Bruyne, almost old enough to be his mother. He overcomes easily her Catholic scruples against love affairs with boys of twenty, but finds his troubles just beginning. At this point we have reached page 122. Love nests in Spain, on the Riviera, and a *grand tour d'amour* lasting seven days through northern and western France—none of them very exciting. These pseudo-sophisticates know so much, and so little. Their actions are a mixture of aristocratic ambitions and *petit bourgeois* manners.

The chief theme of the book seems to be what Mr. H. G. Wells would call a competent and faithful repre-

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sentation of life in the times of plenty just passed; *i.e.*, from the peace conference in 1919 to the financial crash of 1929. The title comes from Matthew Arnold:

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,

and a recurrent theme is quoted once by Lanny:

> . . . we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confus'd alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

One wonders if the soldiers were more ignorant in war than the civilians in the wilderness that men call peace.

LLOYD ESHLEMAN.

Not by Strange Gods. Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking. $2.50.

"THE MOON stands at the quarter and hit'll set toward midnight. Rooster-crow then and then all the cattle and sheep get up offen their beds where they slept. . . . Third rooster-crow and they all kneel down on their knees. I never saw this sight for myself but I heard it for true. . . . The beasts kneel down before the Son of mankind and that makes Christmas." Two young girls, who lived in a mountain cabin, determined to see for themselves the mystery related by their grandfather but, although they may not witness the sight reserved from mortal eyes, the Christmas miracle comes true to one of them in "Holy Morning." Miss Roberts writes of simple people with their own terse directness and native poetry. "Love by the Highway" has so much of the imaginative and shrewd satiric touch of Synge that it brings the Kentucky mountains close to Galway. "The Betrothed" outlines the shrinking of a girl from the physical reality of life and the reverse of the picture is shown in "Haunted Palace" where the dignity of the old manor house of which they acquire possession disturb Hubert and Jess whose flaccid, unlettered minds store only a few more memories than their own livestock. It is not until they have used the paneled drawing room as a sheep pen for the ewes at lambing time that it ceases to frighten Jess and in its defilement becomes natural and habitable. Two stories are told from the viewpoint of small town children: one is a romance as seen by a little girl; the other is the amusing defeat of a small boy by his conscience. Through the entire volume there is apparent a tolerant yet delicate understanding of her neighbors' approach to living which supplies a solid foundation of humanity to the beauty of Miss Roberts's prose. In the author's too sudden death, American art is the loser, but I have a feeling that these posthumous stories possess a quality to quicken literary memory. E. V. R. WYATT

West to North. Volume IV of The Four Winds of Love. Compton Mackenzie. Dodd. $2.75.

A FEW MONTHS AGO I recall stating in THE COMMONWEAL of Mr. Mackenzie's third long blast in his "great saga of our times" that it was, perhaps, fortunate that the sons of Eolus were only four in number. I was mistaken. The large volume before us is not entitled "The North Wind," but "West to North." It is, in other words, a penultimate interlude, dealing with the 1920's in Europe, with perhaps other penultimate interludes to come entitled "North to North-East," etc., etc. The cycle need only end with the end of the world.

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Speakers: Dr. Francis X. Connolly, Very Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., Katherine Brégy, Theodore Maynard, John Gilland Brunini. (Covers $2.00)

Discussion Panels—3 p.m.—Keating Hall

Leaders: Sister Mary St. Virginia, A. M. Sullivan, Tom Boggs, Amos N. Wilder. (Open to Public)

Assembly—4:30 p.m.—Keating Hall

Speakers: Rev. Francis Talbot, S.J., Daniel Sargent, Allen Tate, Dr. Philip J. Furlong. (Admission $1.00)

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Since Volume IV is a mere continuation of Volume III, and deals with the same characters as Volumes I and II, it is difficult to say anything fresh about it. John Ogilvie, who never quits the lectern, commences to discourse in his now familiar style on page 7, precisely, and the reader can take it on trust that he doesn't let up till the four hundred page "interlude" is over. The other characters, down to the third generation of little Arthurs and Sebastians, seem to have caught a taste for florid rhetoric from Mr. Mackenzie's hero, for they too discourse in an all but stupifying manner. Here is the way Emil Stern, the communist schoolboy of Volume I, answers a simple question as to the name of his child in "West to North":

> "Jan Frederick, but it will be spelt Y-A-N. The initial is more distinctive, and it will ensure a more approximately correct pronunciation."

Emil is, of course, an insufferable ass, but no more so than most of the other figures in the "great saga of our times," including the hero. One even expects the young Corinna Ogilvie, aged two, to rise from her cradle and deliver an address on the Irish situation or the Rape of Poland. Unquestionably, she will do just that in Volume V. The odd thing is that certain Catholic reviewers will have it that Mr. Mackenzie, in his latest phase of saga-writer and major prophet, is an important writer. Perhaps he was an important writer once, and the galloping consumption of his importance can be judged by the difference between Ogilvie and Fitz and Emil Stern in "West to North" and the same characters in Volume I when they were schoolboys. As I see it, Mr. Mackenzie in his series is attempting to emulate certain French writers of unending novels like MM. Romains and Du Gard. Without being precisely in love with "Men of Good Will," the latter, at least, embodies a gallery of portraits who do come to life, and not a museum of prize bores.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

BRIEFERS

How America Lives. J. C. Furnas. Holt. $3.00.

THIS BOOK, compiled by J. C. Furnas and the staff of the *Ladies Home Journal*, contains intimate facts and stories of the budgetary struggles of sixteen of what the authors consider representative American families. The families range from Henry Bracey's (a Mississippi sharecropper), which makes $100 in cash last a year for sixteen people, to the Thomas Wilsons' whose budget runs over six figures.

The book, which grew out of an advertising device, tries conscientiously to present the social contrasts in the light of democracy and has no ideological purpose. The sole purpose is to work out budgetary schemes for different financial strata and to offer them to the public for what they are worth. Which is a great deal. It is well written and contains a goodly number of excellent pictures taken for the *Ladies Home Journal* by the redoubtable Martin Munkacsi.

Let My People Go. Henrietta Buckmaster. Harper. $3.50.

A NEGLECTED sector of the history of the United States well covered in a highly emotional manner. Some "conductors" and "station masters" on the Underground Railroad which brought so many thousands of Negroes to freedom before the Civil War are truly of heroic stature. Once again the American Quakers have a most impressive record. Also a good account of the

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abolitionists and the passions they aroused leading to the Civil War. Disguises, stratagems and sheer bravado lead to many thrilling escapes. A disheartening note in this graphic account is the inevitable comparison between the aspirations voiced for the American Negro a century ago and the conditions which hold him back today. Well worth reading.

Federal Departmentalization. S. C. Wallace. Columbia. $2.75.

A CRITIQUE of theories of the organization of public administrative bodies, analyzing factors and forces which must be considered in any study of departmentalization; studies the limitations of scientific method in such analysis. Author contends that the diversity of views as expressed by the President's Committee on Administrative Management, the Select Committee to Investigate the Executive Agencies of the Government, and the American Bar Association are based on diversity of fundamental attitudes relative to the nature of man and the character of society; claims that only after the interrelationships between the conduct of administration and the operations of government as a whole have been discovered and explored will a fuller consideration of the science of public administration be possible. Must reading for all interested in getting a better view of the emerging social service, regulatory and managerial state that is superseding the old laissez-faire state in the US.

Cantos LII-LXXI. Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.

READING the cantos as they appear, with numerical if not poetical progress, may be compared, unfortunately, to the dismal dismay of a host who reaches gaily into a closet for a bottle of favorite wine, only to find it clouded. The vintage is the same which pleased him thirty years ago, but some foreign substance has carried the fermentation too far. One regrets profoundly the descent from canzone to canto.

The present report on "work in progress" is a long-as-the-tail-of-a-dragon survey of Oriental history, and a rambling, letter-plus-recollection-plus-congressional record-plus-waybill account of the life of John Quincy Adams. Some of Pound's economic and political theories are buried beneath the packing cases of a crowded warehouse floor: lest the reader miss them, the printer has marked the margin with heavy black lines. Such phrases as "Americans had been embroiled in European wars long enough easy to see that. . . . England wd/ try to embroil us OBVious" and "Every bank of discount is downright corruption" may be pertinent to politics, but not often to poetry. To discover these after 167 pages of hay-searching makes them profitless and pointless needles.

Women of the Bible. H. V. Morton. Dodd. $2.00.

THE SUAVE and thoughtful writer of the "Search" and "In the Steps" books here examines, or muses over, twenty-three women of the Old and New Testament. It is not a theological consideration of the religious meaning of the lives portrayed, but there is evident a deep and reflective reverence for their position in the sacred history. The book is devoted primarily to projecting as they were, timeless, the rich human characters of these women, to making them live vibrantly in a living society. The environment of the Bible lives here, and engages and interests us deeply.

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The Inner Forum

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Catholic Poetry Society of America will be held at Fordham University on April 27. It will open at 11 A.M. with a solemn high Mass at which Bishop Stephen Donahue of New York will preside and Father Alfred Barrett, S.J., chaplain of the Society, will be the celebrant. The sermon will be preached by Bishop John Mark Gannon of Erie, Pa., Episcopal Chairman of the Catholic Press Association. Those who will address the luncheon which follows include Katherine Brégy, Francis X. Connolly, Very Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., and Theodore Maynard. Discussion panels beginning at 3 P.M. will be led by Tom Boggs, A. M. Sullivan, Sister Mary St. Virginia, B.V.M., and Dr. Amos Niven Wilder. Rev. Francis Talbot, S.J., founder of the Society, will preside at the Assembly at 4:30 P.M., which will include such speakers as Rev. Philip Furlong, Daniel Sargent and Allen Tate.

The Catholic Poetry Society of America was founded in the spring of 1931 by editors of THE COMMONWEAL, *America* and the *Catholic World*. Its purpose is to "promote a Catholic poetic movement and tradition to create a common ground of discussion for poets, critics and those interested in poetry and to cooperate in the advancement of American art and culture." Three years later the Society published its first issue of *Spirit*, it bi-monthly "magazine of poetry." Poems may be submitted for publication by all members of the Society, which, in fact, includes a number of sympathetic non-Catholics. The magazine does not accept poems by non-members or poems which contravene the tenets of philosophy. *Spirit* also conducts a Bureau of Criticism which has proved invaluable to a number of members.

Membership in the Society, which costs but $1 per year, brings with it a subscription to its bi-monthly news bulletin published at 386 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., and entitles the member to participate in the activities of the local units of the Society. In the past ten years such units have been formed in Albany, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Hartford, Los Angeles, Louisville, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Providence, Rochester, Seattle and Washington, D. C. There are also local units at a number of Catholic schools and colleges.

CONTRIBUTORS

Don Luigi STURZO was secretary of the Italian Popular Party; he is at present living in the United States. His most recent book was "Church and State."
Harry SYLVESTER has been spending the last few weeks in Biloxi, Mississippi.
Rev. Jean C. de MENASCE is now an assistant in a Negro parish in Washington, D. C.
Eleanor Glenn WALLIS is a Baltimore poet.
Neil MacNEIL is assistant managing editor of the New York *Times*.
David BURNHAM is a novelist and short story writer; his latest book is "Last Act in Bermuda."
Joseph CALDERON practices law in New York.
Mason WADE has written a life of Margaret Fuller and lives in Vermont.
Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is a seamen's chaplain in Seattle, Wash.
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